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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging:
The hue of health and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision:
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly told decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the others;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still:
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another;
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

STORY TELLER.

WE MET BY CHANCE.

If her flour had not become weevily
I should never have met her.

A series of accidents had been apparently especially arranged to prevent such meeting, which had it occurred would probably have been a very commonplace event; it was, however, non-occurrence, taken in connection with the subsequent occurrence, which made a rather singular affair of it.

The lady to whom I have referred as "her," is still to me "an unknown quantity," for, as though the series of accidents should be compelled, I have lost the memorandum book in which, some eighteen years ago, I very carefully noted down either her name, or that of her husband, the name of the vessel he commanded, and as he was a whaling captain, and probably their home address; and said names has a completely left my memory as has the memorandum book my possession.

Therefore I can in this story refer to the lady only as "her" or "she," unless indeed, excused by the poverty of our own language to meet such an emergency, I borrow a title from another, and call her Madame; this sounds more respectful, and I will.

There is a vague impression upon my mind that the schooner—hailed from somewhere on Cape Cod, and that between the heel and toe of that boot-shaped peninsula was, and I hope still is, the home of my friend.

Early in the morning of the 4th of July, 1870, the little tug-boat Palos, under my command, on the thirteenth day of a voyage from Boston to China, ran into Horta Bay, a harbor of the island of Fayal. As soon after anchoring as possible, I tired and sleepy from an all night on deck, turned in for a nap, from which, an hour or so after, I was broken out by a messenger, who delivered a note addressed in a lady's handwriting thus: "The Captain of the American man of war, Horta Bay."

As nearly as I can remember the contents of this note were as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I hope you will pardon the liberty I am about to take in asking of you a great favor, in granting which you will render most valuable and ever to be appreciated aid to a fellow countrywoman in great distress. I can and will you lend me a flour sieve? The steward has most carefully lost mine overboard, and I cannot obtain such an article in Fayal; and unless you can help me, I don't know what I shall do, for our flour is so full of weevils that I cannot use it. Yours respectfully, Mrs. —, Am. whaling schooner —.

Fortunately I was the owner of a very good flour sieve, and as a matter of course an duty—for in my instructions I was charged to "render all practicable assistance to American vessels in distress"—I sent it. After breakfast I went on deck to take my usual two miles constitutional and my first smoke.

I was never quite sure about having fairly accomplished the two miles of my "stint," for, as my promenade was quite limited, 578 turns were required, and I found considerable difficulty in mechanically counting correctly, at the same time thinking of other matters; but by carrying 578 beans in my outside pocket and dropped one at each terminus, I presume that my reckoning was often colorably close.

While tramping this morning, my attention was so taken up by the scenery, which included mountains, a pretty white city, fishing and bumboats, that I lost the run of my progress altogether.

Naturally I sought out the schooner from which the note had come; there

was no difficulty in identifying her; the four or five white boats hanging at her davits and stern proclaimed her vocation, and her nationality was so plainly marked by a large and new American ensign, which in honor of Independence Day on our arrival was floating from her peak.

Another point made identification very easy and sure; excepting ourselves and her the harbor was bare of vessels. Although at times quite a number of the plum puddings, as the whaling schooners which go out but for a single season's work are called, made of this harbor a resort for the procurement of water, fruit and provisions, and to enjoy a "gam," as is termed in whaler parlance a chatty-visit.

As was the case with my friend, these schooners generally anchor well outside, for many of their crew, among whom there is always a large proportion of brand new sailors, never before used, are apt to fancy that they need refreshments other than those which the captain will procure, and they are very likely, if at all handy to the wharves, to give themselves liberty and obtain them. The schooner was a fine-looking craft, and it struck me that it would not be a bad plan for me to go on board of her, call on the Madame, and offer any further assistance in my power. This I proceeded to do, and in a short row my gig brought me and a bundle of latest papers alongside of her. I was received by the captain and ushered into the cabin, where I was presented to his wife, my still unknown correspondent. They were young people, evidently glad to see me as I was to see them, and we passed a very pleasant two hours.

As is the custom when one goes visiting on board some one else's vessel, and too great a strain upon truthfulness is not involved (not so in this case), I complimented the captain on the remarkably clean and tidy appearance of his vessel, and the Madame on the cozy, bright and homelike cabin, in every part of which were evidences of womanly taste.

They were not to be outdone in politeness and assured me that the mate, who had carried the note to me that morning, had returned charmed with my vessel, which he reported to be in the most beautiful order, or as he expressed it, "as slick as a parlor." Of this I had some doubts; it was my impression that while that whaleboat was alongside we were very busy hoisting ashes, holystoning decks, scrubbing paint work and in other ways making ready for port. I did not, however, correct him; modest as a man may be, he is not bound to reject compliments, even if not wholly deserved. No doubt the mate was a Cape Codder also, and a very hospitable, cheery, nor wester sort of a man, and they probably had a most delightful "gam," during which exchanges of souvenirs, scrimshawed whale teeth, tooth ivory pie crust crimpers, etc., on the one side, versus navy plug tobacco on the other, added to the enjoyment.

The Madame accepted my compliment as to the cleanliness, but to my surprise did not seem to altogether approve it. She said that, for her part, much as she loved cleanliness, her happiest times were when the vessel was in a most filthy condition. Seeing that I was puzzled, she explained that she referred to "cutting in," days, which on every occasion means a goodly sum of money ahead and a shortening of the cruise. At such times the captured whale is secured alongside by slings at each end, and so arranged that the body can revolve. The hook of a masthead purchase is inserted near the head, on each side of it a spiral transverse is made, and the strip of blubber, flesh, etc., is hoisted; when high enough, a second tackle hook is inserted, the hoisted strip cut off just above the last hook, and the great slice perhaps 30 feet, or more by 3 feet, is lowered to the deck, and there reduced to dimensions suited to the fry pot. During this process the vessel naturally becomes very bloody and greasy, with patches of soot profusely sprinkled.

After explaining to me, the Madame asked: "Did you ever see a whale cut in?"

Fortunately I had. She asked me when and where, and this is the story I told her: "It was in March, 1865, that the U. S. S. Connecticut, of which I was executive officer, while making a cruise through the West Indies, went into Bridgetown Harbor, Barbadoes. We passed, anchored in the outer harbor, an American whaling schooner, alongside of which a dead whale was secured, and the

crew was busy 'cutting in.' As soon as we could get a boat a party of us started for the schooner to witness the work. We went on board, and your description of the state of affairs hardly does justice; it was about the hardest looking place we ever got into. The mate told me that the day before, the captain and nearly all hands being on shore, this whale blew, not more than a mile outside, and that lowering away he, with the cook, cabin boy and a couple of hands, had gone out and captured him.

The Madame listened very attentively, and seemed greatly interested. She asked me: "Where there any ladies on board of that schooner?"

"Not that I know of," was the answer. "I did get a glimpse of a petticoat just vanishing through the cabin door, as I went over the side, but the mate told me that it was a washwoman come for the old man's wash."

This Madame seemed to consider a very good joke, and indulged in a laugh more hearty and merry than I could see that the joke warranted. My surprise can be better imagined than described, when, recovering from her laughter, she remarked: "That he had no right to say that; I did tell him not to let you into the cabin, nor say a word about our being on board."

"Who and what do you mean?" I interrupted. "Who was 'our'?"

Then she told me that she herself and her sister, a young lady, were on board of that steamer, watched our cutter coming toward them, admired our uniform, but when we rounded to alongside, sent for the cabin, through the window blinds of which they saw us all the time, vexed enough, that, arrayed in their "cutting in" clothes, they were not in condition to receive us. And it was the very schooner which I had boarded in Barbadoes, in which, five years after at Fayal, this story, for which I was indebted to weevils, was told me. The adventure supplied us with quite a stock of conversation. It did seem so strange that we had so nearly met before, prevented only by chance, and that after all this time, a flour sieve, or rather the need of one, had brought us together. Our conversation drifted into other channels and we found ourselves comparing notes as to our nautical experiences. She told me of the hardest time she had ever experienced, a tale of a voyage during which, with almost no luck in catching whales, they did catch fewer on the African coast, and had dismal times and a gloomy voyage.

I in turn got up as pathetic a story as facts and imagination would furnish, of my dreary life on board of a monitor, dilating on the foul air, darkness, dampness and other discomforts attendant upon being boxed up under water in an iron box.

She was truly and gratefully sorry for me. She had "seen one of those horrid vessels, and all of the whales in the Atlantic would not tempt her to live on board of one."

I asked her when and where she had seen one, and if she remembered its name.

"Yes, it was the Nantucket. She ran into Providence Harbor one day in the winter of 1863, and lay out a gale there. I was visiting in Providence, and when the blow was over, we made up a party and went off to her in a cutboat. We meant to have gone on board, but it was too ragged and we had to give it up."

"Do you remember," I asked, "that when your boat first made an attempt to go alongside, an officer standing on the turret hailed you and warned you not to attempt it?"

It was her turn now to be surprised. She did "remember very well that a man with a speaking trumpet excited, but he was covered up with oilskins and I don't know whether he was an officer or not."

"What made you think he was excited?"

"Why, at first he was all right, only when our captain told him that he guessed he knew his own business, and could handle that boat without any of his help, he got very mad and swore at him awfully."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he called our captain a

blanketed lubber, and—"

"And so I still think he was," I broke in, "the sharp edges of a monitor would be very apt to cut down and sink any boat boarding in a sea way. I was the man who hailed you; I don't remember a swearing, but if your captain said what you say, and I heard it, I have no doubt that I did so. I can only say now that I very

much regret that I did not then know that you were one of the party, for I certainly would have managed to get you on board, and not have left it to weevils to introduce us."

Two hours after the sieve came back, the schooner sailed, and I have never (that I know of) met them since. —Forest and Stream.

Soaps and Towels.

THE PERILS OF USING CHEAP AND PASTY TOILET SOAPS—DISASTROUS EFFECTS ON THE SKIN—DISEASE GERMS IN THE WASH ROOM.

The writer has had a wide experience among the great establishments of New York, and in only two has found a toilet soap that was really of superior quality. Many proprietors purchase cheap Castile and poor cotton-seed oil soap by the hundred bars and cut these into convenient cakes. They cleanse well and generally are free from coarse perfumes and poisonous coloring matter. But nearly all brands of this class are poorly made and strongly alkaline. They not only attack the skin and eventually produce sores, but they also irritate the mouths of the pores and eat into the glands and the oil they contain. Their use gives a clean skin, but one that is dry, rough and inelastic. Frequently, after a few days, dried white patches rise and fall off, the lips and nostrils chap and a general feeling of uneasiness and even positive discomfort results. Worse than these are the cheap and pasty toilet soaps so much in vogue. They are made from rancid vegetable oils and half decomposed animal fats with impure alkalies, in the shortest and the cheapest manner possible. To cover up their foulness or poor workmanship, the manufacturer colors them with brilliant dyes or very dark dyes, and with the rankest essential oils the market affords.

A cake taken from a second rate Broadway house is a good case in point. It has a neat oval form, a strong but pleasant odor, lathers freely, and is of a handsome rich brown hue. To any but an expert it would appear a superior article, while to a hotel proprietor it offers, besides all these attractive qualities, the far more fascinating element of extreme cheapness. Careful examination and analysis show that the brown color conceals a slovenly workmanship, which would otherwise be exposed, in irregular masses of varying shade and consistency, and that the strong essential oils serve to smother a rank smell of putrefaction and nauseating raw materials. The amount of the oils is so large as to act as a rubefacient and even an irritant upon the skin.

The writer once experimentally rubbed it on his face and allowed the thin saponaceous film to remain ten minutes before washing it off. On its disappearance he found the cuticle covered by numerous red points intermediate in appearance between acne and eczema, which lasted twenty-four hours before the face resumed its natural appearance. Such toilet soap applied to women of fine complexions but of sensitive skins would ruin their appearance in less than a fortnight, and would in the long run produce a condition of the cuticle which would require weeks of medical treatment to restore to its pristine state. Far worse would be its use upon babies and young children. Their skin is finer and more delicate than can be easily described. Irritated by such soaps it would break out into painful eruptions and in a short while thereafter into running sores. The evils described apply chiefly to the bedroom and bath-room; those of the public wash room are far worse. Here a larger cake is employed, and almost invariably one whose workmanship is so inferior that with the slightest use it becomes pulpy or sticky. In this condition it does all the harm mentioned, and besides this it may act and frequently does act as a vehicle for disease virus and disease germs.

A person suffering from a skin complaint or from some blood disease, which manifests itself in cutaneous disorders, ulcers or other sores, uses the cake, by the mere friction of rubbing loosens scales and pieces of diseased matter which are retained by the glutinous surface of the soap. These may or may not contain the virus or the germs referred to. If they do the next person who uses the cake runs a serious risk of absorbing the contagion and becoming a sufferer from the same disease. So bad are matters in this regard that the only safe rule for a person solicitous for his health is to never use the soaps

supplied by hotels for patrons and guests, but to always carry his own with him or to try a fresh cake, no matter how great the temptation may be to use that which is freely offered in places of public resort.

More objectionable yet are the unwieldy roller towel, the saloon towel, and the long and broad towels of the wash room. These under any and all circumstances are a disgrace to the house that uses them and an insult to the customers. The towel removes moisture from the face and hands by rubbing. The friction does more, however, than remove moisture alone. It forces off scales, pieces of dead skin, lymph from cuts and abrasions, mucus from the nostrils, perspiration from the pores, pus from sores and ulcers, and anything liquid that may have been excreted from the body or may have been trown upon its surface. The fibrous and interlaced structure of the towel make it a marvelous receptacle and catch all for these various substances. They remain in its interstices until it is washed, and even long after, unless it is thoroughly boiled and rubbed with strong laundry soap or treated with Javelle water or chloride of lime. It is all very well for the first man who applies a towel of the class mentioned to his face and hands; the second man runs a risk, and the risk increases arithmetically with each user. —American Analyst.

THE SEERS OF PERSIA.

ASTROLOGERS AND THEIR INFLUENCE IN THE DOMAINS OF THE SHAH.

The monajen, or astrologer, is a power in Persia. He is recognized as a man of science, a member of a learned profession. The chief astrologer is a high court officer, from whose ruling there is no appeal, for his decision are based upon knowledge that is communicated directly from the stars. Thus, but half an hour after midnight on Saturday will be the fortunate hour, he is able to give irrefragable reasons for his conclusions by showing that Saturn is in the ascendant in one case, while on Saturday night, at the precise time mentioned, there will be a happy conjunction of Venus.

If another astrologer is consulted, he will give the same story. Every hour in the day, and every day in the year, is thus worked out as fortunate, indifferent or unlucky in the astrologer's books of fate.

Besides these calendars they have as their stock in trade a plumb line, a level, a celestial sphere and an astrolabe. The astrolabes are in the form of a gigantic watch, and are often beautifully made. Every large town contains at least two astrologers very far from being poor. A Persian may find an astrologer very useful, especially if he be an officer and desires to evade some responsibility. Thus, suppose a provincial governor is ordered to the capital and that he does not want to go, what more powerful reason for delay in starting than to reply that he is waiting for a fortunate hour, and what easier than to induce the astrologer to fail to find one? In the meantime the officer has time to administer the necessary bribes at court, and the storm blows over.

Isikhar, tossing up, or the drawing of the lot, is done with a rosary. A bead is grasped at haphazard; "good," "bad," "indifferent," is ejaculated at each bead, till the big terminal one is reached, and that decides the question. Answers are given in conversation, bargains are made or refused, and serious acts are undertaken under the guidance of this formula. Another way is to thrust a knife into the leaves of the Koran or one of the poetical books and be guided by what is found at the place. The diviners are real quacks and gain their success by working on the fears of the people. The guilty party in a scandal or criminal inquiry in his nervousness is provoked to do some act that brings about his detection. —Popular Science Monthly.

How six Indians died.

In 1881 I was hunting some lost horses in the broken country west of the Big Horn river. I had ridden all morning over a country that was strange to me. About 11 o'clock I crossed a plateau and was surprised to come suddenly to the edge of a canyon, the existence of which I had not even suspected. In the canyon was a stream with clumps of cottonwood timber along its banks, and in one of the open spaces was an Indian lodge. The Indians that hunted in that country were peaceable, but the war

was just over and the Sioux were feeling rather sore. If they were Crows or Arapahoes I might get some information about my horses. I lay down and watched. No smoke came from the tepee; no one moved around it; half a dozen ponies grazed a few hundred yards distant. There was not even a dog, which looked rather suspicious.

After waiting five minutes I knew no more than at first. Suddenly three white tailed deer came from the timber and walked leisurely across the opening. Then I knew that the camp was deserted, and the strangeness of it startled me. I mounted and rode down to the creek, and straight to the tepee. I threw back the flap, and I shall remember what I saw until death. In the center of the tepee was spread a buffalo robe, and on the robe were guns and scalp and many arrows; and there was also food done up as for a journey; and, sitting cross legged in a circle around the robe, were six braves of the Sioux nation. All were in their prime—all decked out in war paint, and each one held a bow and arrow in his hand. On every face was an expression of calm indifference, as of one who neither suffers nor enjoys, neither hopes nor fears. The faces were those of dead men, and the smallpox had marked them with its awful mark. They took their misery with their heads up, and even the horrors of this disease could leave upon their hearts no stain of fear, upon their brows no mark of suffering. And this that their God might judge them men, and flit them to pitch their camps forever in the groves and green fields of paradise.—Cor. Washington Star.

Mr. Bergh's Office.

The scene was the main office of the society, and the background was one which should by all means be chosen for the animals' friend should that famous gentleman ever have his portrait. Upon the wall, immediately behind him, hung the two photographs of little "Mary Ellen," whose miseries gave birth to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The first photograph represented her as thin, emaciated and ragged, with her bare legs and bare feet covered with gashes from the scissors with which the Connolly woman used to maltreat her. The second photograph showed her well dressed, fat, and happy, and the famous pair of scissors hung between the two pictures. In a glass case beneath was a snow white pigeon covered with blood, stuffed and mounted as it was when dying.

Next it was another case, and a very hard case. It was a white bulldog captured in a dog fighting raid, with its breast, head, fore legs and left hind foot chewed into mince meat. It was stuffed as it stood in the pit when taken, and a printed list of the men arrested and punished hung over it. Next it was a long case containing a great variety of articles used from time to time by thoughtless or brutal men in torturing animals. There were hoofs hoisted from horses by railroad switches, leather desks studded with tacks taken from horses' mouths; "spike" collars, those foolish instruments used by short sighted trainers in breaking dogs; stakes and clubs used in beating horses, loaded whips, skulls of fighting dogs which had been shot, nails taken from horses' feet, and numerous other curiosities of a similar character, the whole being on object lesson in animal cruelty that told itself. —New York Times.

A Story from Roscoe Conkling.

Roscoe Conkling sat in a theatre the other evening. A hand was laid on his shoulder from behind. It belonged to a certain highly fashionable matron of his acquaintance, but it was a large organ, notwithstanding that it had never done any labor. "Yes, sir," said Conkling, mistaking it for the hand of a man. Then his eyes fell on the feminine sleeve attached to it, and he confusedly murmured: "I beg your pardon."

"Oh, no offense, I assure you," the lady good humoredly responded. Mr. Conkling then said: "This reminds me of an actual case in which a mistake in the gender of a man brought about a divorce suit. A wife and a large hand, and it happened one evening that she sat with her husband and several others on a rural veranda. The husband was smoking a cigarette, and, as it was very dark indeed, the wife took it from him for a surreptitious whiff. Now, right

alongside the couple sat a flirtatious girl. She and the man were on sentimental terms, but until now quite unknown to the woman. The well developed hand of the wife, with the cigarette, chanced to swing into contact with that of the girl, who took hold of it, thought from its size that it was the husband's, felt convinced of it by the cigarette, and thereupon pressed it to her lips, rapturously believing that she was taking a safe opportunity of the darkness. The eyes of the wise woman were opened metaphorically, if not physically; she watched the pair for a few days, and an action for divorce was soon instituted. —New York Sun.

BASEBALL TALK.

The Ohio league is fully organized for next season. Dunlap's contract with the Detroit club calls for a salary of \$4,500.

The American association has signed the ablest umpires in the country. It is now believed that the league staff of umpires will be Connelly, Daniels, Powers and Valentine.

The Northwestern league paid some of its young pitchers \$350 and \$400 per month during the past season. The next important baseball meeting will shortly be held by the American association at Cincinnati. It will be its regular annual convention.

Gaffney thinks he will try umpiring behind the pitcher next season. He is of the opinion that the association will outbid the league for umpires.

There is no doubt whatever that John Morrill will both manage and captain the Boston club next season, as well as play first base for the team. President Stearns says Jim White is a great favorite with the Detroit people, and that he would not think of parting with the veteran third baseman.

The Pittsburg club is confident of securing Dunlap and Paul Hines for next year. It was rumored that Hines would go to Indianapolis, but Paul refuses to go.

The Washington club is at present without a manager, but it is thought that James Jackson will be given a chance to see what he can do in the managerial line.

It is claimed that if Manager Kelly had waited a few more days before the signed with Louisville he would have been one of the big four umpires at \$2,500 for the season.

It is said that Anson is now willing to sell Clarkson and Pfeffer's releases providing he can get enough money for them. The Chicago club had better go a little slow, as it is not now over strong.

New Anchor for Steamers.

Experiments have been made during the week in the harbor of Havre and on the Seine with a new cable anchor, which will bring to a standstill the largest steamer going at the greatest speed without a space of ten feet. Large steamers were subjected to the experiment in all cases proved successful, and the government commission present recommended the new anchor for use on government ships. This new anchor is described as a huge cloth parachute, anchor shaped, attached to the ship by cables, with a huge iron weight in the middle. This balloon shaped anchor resists the on-ward movement of ships with tremendous power, assuming very much the singular balloon or bucket shape of "old maid" flounders on the New England coast, which, by so doing when hooked, generally succeed in breaking the line. —Chicago Tribune.

Fighters Don't Quarrel.

"Why don't you ever see fighters with bunged up faces?" asked a reporter of Billy Edwards in the Hoffman house the other evening as he glanced at a gentleman whose face was scratched and swollen from recent altercation. "They have to make their living fighting," was the answer. "I never saw a man who chopped wood all day chop any at night for amusement. You wouldn't go to a theatre and report the show just for fun, I'll bet. Then, too, a fighting man appreciates the risk to his hands he runs in hitting some fellow who may have a hard head, and he knows it is not credit to him to thrash anybody except a clever opponent in a ring. A fighter is the safest man to insult I know of. Many a time I have to pocket talk men wouldn't dare use to anybody else." —New York World.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, 2.50
Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

On Wednesday next the deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity will gather together and chase the merry hours in Adelphi Hall, Broadway and 52d street, at the Bal Masque of the Gallaudet Club. From what we can learn, the attendance promises to reach larger proportions than any deaf-mute gathering ever held in this city. It is intended to do honor to Gallaudet by celebrating his centennial on that day instead of the 10th, which, falling on a Saturday, was not exactly suited to a ball or evening entertainment. The Committee of Arrangements publishes a card in this issue giving final instructions and directions, and it is desired that all will read them carefully, in order to prevent misunderstanding that may tend in any way to mar the pleasure, or disturb the good order that will be enforced, on the occasion.

The New England deafmutes will celebrate December 10th, in becoming manner, in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

Philadelphia will celebrate on the 12th, at the Institution, and also, we believe, in a public hall. Mr. Logan, a semi-mute, will be the orator on the occasion.

The various institutions for the deaf will commemorate the centennial day, and hundreds of pupils connected with them will wear the handsome and appropriate Gallaudet Badge designed by Mr. Cullingworth, of Philadelphia, whose advertisement on the fourth page gives prices and particulars. We advise all who honor Gallaudet to purchase one and display it on Gallaudet Day.

We have received a copy of *Progress*, a sixteen-page quarto which is published monthly at Santa Cruz, Cal. An article entitled "Things to Think About," and a poem "The Hills of Santa Cruz," are from the pen of "Howard Glyndon," the well-known semi-mute poet. As might be expected, both are excellently written, especially the poem. Those who have read "Sweet Bells Jangled," and the numerous poetical contributions by "Howard Glyndon" to prominent magazines in the East, do not need any assurance of the author's literary ability. The two verses appended are the first and last of the seven stanzas which compose the poem.

"I've seen the far off Apennines
Melt into dreamy skies,
I've seen the peaks that Switzer love
In snowy grandeur rise;
And many more, to which the world
Its praise can not refuse—
But of them all, I love the best,
The hills of Santa Cruz."

"And if I be the first to lay
The laurels at your feet,
Why, then my heart can only say
The task is passing sweet—
For sure I am and sure we are
Who never your outlines lose,
There are no hills to match our own
Glad hills of Santa Cruz!"

The Indiana Institution has at last begun the publication of a newspaper. The initial number contains any quantity of purloined articles from deaf-mute papers, but the credit due them is withheld. That is not a good way to start off. Another objection which we feel obliged to make is that the name of the publication, "The Indiana Deaf-Mute Journal," is too close an imitation of the title, *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, to be considered fair. We do not see what object there is in it, unless it is to profit by the reputation of this paper, the similarity of names being confusing to the deaf-mutes. One of the items in the Indiana Institution paper announces that non-partisan political intelligence will be a feature of the paper. The Indiana Institution should have been forfeited with politics long ago, since politics and politicians have been its

bane for many a long year. However, the main object of establishing a printing-office and issuing a paper therefrom, is to teach to capable pupils the art of printing, and in such good work we wish it God-speed. The money secured from the publication will be handed over to the Treasurer of the State of Indiana. The paper will be published twice a month for nine months of the year, the subscription price being only fifty cents.

Mr. M. J. Smith is now proprietor and editor of the *Merry World*, of Pueblo, Col., his partner having sold his interest in the publication. Mr. Smith is a semi-mute of brains and ability, and occasionally contributes deaf-mute news to the *JOURNAL*. His paper is a bright and clever publication, is profusely illustrated and has a good weekly circulation.

At Sea, Coast of China, north of Shanghai.

FOR THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—I reached Shanghai, the 8th of September, and spent five days before embarking again to return to my former scenes of work in North China.

In several interviews with my old friend, John Fayer, we consulted and planned for the relief work, which he has had in mind for several years.

A valuable building site of two acres has been held by him for several years, as the ground on which an Institution for the Blind, or perhaps Blind and Deaf, are to be received for instruction. He is too busy to attend to the matter himself, but wishes to greet some one as a co-laborer, who would make the establishment of the Institution, his especial work, when he had learned the language.

September 22d, in Shanghai Province, the other night I heard at a village the following story: "A mother became blind, and in his distress for fear that her two little daughters would be left friendless, she drowned them both in a water tank, and tried to drown herself, but was rescued. The poor woman has been living for many years in this blind state with the memory of this ever haunting her."

I have learned of a village, where the only three Christians, now left in it, are one old blind man, another deaf and a third decrepit, who meet for worship every other week.

J. CROSSETT.

FIRE !

Last Saturday about two o'clock every body at the Institute had to turn out and fight fire in the woods which surrounds us. The forest fires which have been raging throughout the state for the past month, consequent on the long dry spell, had reached us. The fire first approached from the West and as there was a terrific wind from the Northwest it gave no little trouble and it was not till after dark that it could be led. Of course the ladies were very nervous and insisted that some one should sit up and watch the fire all night, but the men all thought the danger past and were quite tired too, and no one thought of staying up. But about a block a fence leading from the stables West was seen to be on fire and again the tired men had to go to work. This was soon overcome and we all went to bed. However some of us had to get up again about two o'clock as the same fence caught at another point nearer the stable. In the mean time the wind changed and the fire came at us from the South about noon on Sunday. This was headed off without much trouble, and all felt easy. But just after dark it was discovered that the woods just North of the Institution were on fire and all hands were called again. On Monday the Principal took the shoe shop boys and burned the fences on the East so that now we have a "fire woods," 200 yards wide at narrowest, all around us and are absolutely safe from forest fires. We are glad to say that no damage was done to the Institution property beyond the burning of a few panels of old fence. But unless it had been met so promptly on at least two occasions it is safe to say that the stables would have certainly been burned if no more.—*Optic, Little Rock, Ark.*

Notice.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held in Trinity Church, Mt. Vernon, on Sunday, December 11th, at 1:15 P.M.

On Christmas Day, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church, New York, at the 2:45 P.M. service for deaf-mutes.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

- Dec. 4.—St. Louis, Mo.
- " 11—Chicago and Pullman.
- " 12—Waukegan.
- " 13—Milwaukee, St. Paul's Church.
- " 14—Portage, Wis.
- " 15—Winona, Minn.
- " 16—Faribault.
- " 18—Minneapolis, Gethsemane Church, 4 P.M.
- " 18—St. Paul, P.M. church to be announced.
- " 19—La Crosse, Wis.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The following lectures will take place at the room of the Brooklyn Society, 30, 196 Grand Street (Tuttle Hall) Brooklyn, N. Y., on the dates given, by the gentlemen whose names are given. The admission is ten cents on each occasion.

Dec. 21, 1887.—Lecture by F. B. Thompson, Jan. 25, 1888 "T. Godfrey.

Debates, story telling and transaction of business by members only once each week alternately. The society pays each lecturer, and it believes in "business for business."

W. A. BORD, Chairman,
H. BRESNELL,
C. SCHNEIDER,
Committee on Debates and Lectures.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

R. J. Cone, a deaf-mute, of Riverton, Va., is a stockholder in the Riverton Mills Company.

John Dewester, of Manilla, Ind., thinks he will spend the holidays at Louisville, Ky., and at Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Moses Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., author of the book on Wall Street, is confined to his house with malaria.

At the last service at Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, Rev. Mr. Mann administered the sacrament of Holy Baptism to a deaf-mute lady.

On Sunday evening, November 27th, Rev. Mr. Mann was associated with the Rev. Lewis Brown in a combined service, at St. Luke's Church, Cincinnati.

Ethel Lindgren, a pupil of the Iowa Institution, died of malarial fever complicated with throat and other troubles, on Wednesday, November 30th.

Mr. E. W. H. Gibbs was among the invited guests at the residences, Governor Lloyd, and Secretary of State Le Compté, of Maryland, on Thanksgiving day.

James W. Griffin, of Blountsville, Ala., returned last week from a visit to relatives in Culman, Ala. He expects to go to Winston County this month, to see his sister.

On the morning of December 1st, the Rev. Job Turner left Staunton, Va., after three days' rest, after his return from Louisville, Ky., to be gone one month, prosecuting his work as far South as New Orleans, La., where he intended spending Sundays, the 11th and 18th. He expected to conduct a combined service in St. Luke's Cathedral, Sunday, December 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Moody, of Rochester, N. H., had a narrow escape lately. They drove to Great Falls, N. H., in a buggy, accompanied by their eldest boy. They had just alighted and tied the horse in front of a store, when a man taking fright and dashing into the buggy, smashing it to pieces and seriously injuring the man who was driving.

C. B. Barnett, a mute printer of this city, who is known among the Michigan mutes as "Humpty Dumpty," has received an elegant badge from W. B. Cullingworth, representing All Souls' Guild and Clerical Society, Philadelphia, Pa., and will wear it in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL.D., the founder of the American system of educating the deaf, which occurs on December 10th.—*Lansing (Mich.) Daily Journal.*

Mrs. Kennedy who was once matron of the Colorado Institution has moved into Salt Lake City, Utah, to put her son-in-law into the printing business. They bought out a firm of job printers, and Orange J. H. Kennedy is employed as one of the compositors. They have done very well from the start and bid fair to continue so, for they are practical printers of long experience. Orange Kennedy says Salt Lake City has a glorious climate and he is never tired of praising it. He paid the institute a visit and was surprised at its pretty buildings.

The pupils at the Western Pennsylvania Institution will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas H. Gallaudet, pioneer of deaf education in America, by holding an entertainment, Saturday evening, December 10th. The programme will be of appropriate addresses, dialogues, debate, declamation, historical sketch, etc., and will prove to be of interest and pleasure. It is said on good authority there will be a good gathering of deaf and hearing visitors on the occasion. It is to be hoped that the committee of the Gallaudet Literary Society will make the occasion a grand success by their interesting efforts.

The Deaf and Dumb.

We have just received the Twelfth Annual Report of the Rev. A. W. Mann, our devout and indefatigable missionary among the deaf and dumb. The document is one of very great interest, reminding us of the fulfillment of prophecy when

The deaf shall all hear and the dumb shall all sing
And the blind shall discover that Jesus is King.

But my object in calling attention to this report is to refer to what Mr. Mann says in "The first sermon in sign language." In one of our periodicals not long ago, it was objected to the use of sign language in the administration of the Sacraments, that if the very words employed by our Blessed Lord are essential to the validity of the Sacraments, then they cannot be validly administered in any other way than by the use of the same words.

Of course the response to this objection was, that words themselves are but signs of thought, and we can only be said to use in English the same words of our Blessed Lord, in Greek, because they are signs of the same thoughts and truths, though not actually the same in sound.

But Brother Mann, it seems to us, has settled the question by his reference to the fact that our Blessed Lord did actually use sign language in the performance of one of His greatest miracles, see Mark vii. 32-35. "A man was brought to Him who was deaf and had an impediment in his speech," in other words *deaf and dumb*, "And they beseech him to put His hand upon him." At once our Saviour "took the man aside from the multitude," the reason for which, as given by St. Chrysostom was that the multitude were scorers and sceptics who would be likely to ridicule almost any ritual or sign language which He might use, and then "He put His fingers into his ears, and He spit and touched his tongue!" All this plainly was *sign language* conveying to the mind more impressively than by almost any words, the actual blessing He was about to bestow. Then followed the command "Ephphatha, be opened!" But why before giving the command and "in looking up to heaven"—another sign—He should have "sighed," we know not, unless to manifest the depth of His sorrow for the spiritually deaf and dumb and blind condition of poor, fallen humanity!

However, nothing is more certain than that our Blessed Lord and Saviour was constantly using in some form or other "the sign language," and hence our faithful missionary has no reason to doubt the divine blessing upon His special work and labor of love, and in which he has the prayers of the Church.—*Rev. J. A. Bolles, D.D., in "Church Life."*

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Another Defeat.

THIS TIME 24 TO 10.

Minor Mention.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Since the Kendalls experienced their defeat at Baltimore, they have been anxious to retrieve their honor at any cost, so a challenge from the St. John's College team of Annapolis, Md., to play a match game on December 3d, was eagerly accepted. Our team was in splendid training, and had no reason to suppose it would find any difficulty in defeating the visitors. So confident was every one of the ability of our team to come off victorious, that the approach of the appointed day caused much less excitement among the students and their friends than such events usually occasion. The St. John's team made its appearance at ten o'clock, Saturday morning. The men were a fine lot of stalwart fellows, but on the whole considerably lighter than our team. The two teams proceeded to the field, where an Annapolis gentleman was chosen referee, and Mr. J. J. Chickering umpire. The St. John's team had the kick off, and dribbled the ball, but it was instantly downed in the middle of the field, and the men lined up. Scrimmage followed scrimmage quickly, now one and now the other team having the ball, the play all the while getting nearer the goal of the visitors. Finally the ball was passed back to James, who turned the enemy's flank, and downed the ball in the St. John's goal, scoring 4 for the Kendalls. The ball was kicked out, and was downed right in front of the goal. The men lined up, the ball was passed back to Bush, and the rush line by a desperate charge opened up the center of the St. John's guard, and Bush rushed through and downed the ball between the posts, sweeping away like a feather, the half back who tried to stop him. The try gave a goal, so the score stood 10 to 0, in favor of the Kendalls. The ball was now again dribbled by the St. John's, and an exciting series of scrimmages followed. The play was for a while kept well in the center of the field, until by a daring run, Bush planted the ball in front of the St. John's goal, but in so doing wrenching his ankle so severely as to be obliged to stop playing. Jump took his place, but the loss of one of its best players had weakened the Kendalls sensibly, and the ball was again forced into the center of the field. Here a frantic struggle for the possession of the ball took place, and Long and James were both hurt, Long receiving a cut over the eyebrow, and James being a little rattled by a blow on his head. Since no one else was hurt, the two probably came into collision. Both were obliged to leave the field, and Regensberg and Goodall took their places. Beadell took Long's place as quarter back, and the team recommenced playing in a plucky fashion. But with its full strength, the Kendall team had been but little superior to the visitors, and deprived of its captain and two of its best players, it was easy to see that the St. John's now had the advantage. The half-back of the St. John's got the ball, and turning the flank of the Kendalls, touched the ball down very near our goal line. The ball was forced across, and four points scored for the St. John's. Another touch down in goal was soon made by the St. John's, but time was called before a goal could be tried for. The score now stood 8 to 10, in favor of the Kendalls. The change of goals gave the Kendalls the disadvantage of the sun in their faces, but the play was very close and well in center of field. The St. John's tried as a rule to run with the ball after it was passed back, while the Kendalls kicked up. The ball was at last worked up near the Kendalls' goal, and a bold dash took it across the line, adding four more points to the St. John's score. The ball was punted out, a scrimmage followed, and again the ball went over the goal line. The score now stood 16 to 10. The ball was punted out and a number of vicious scrimmages followed in which the referee, contrary to all reason, insisted in giving the ball to his own side every time. Thrice more the ball was pushed across the lines by main force, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of our men and of Hagerty in particular, and then time was called. The game was given to the St. John's, by a score of 24 to 10. Our team was made up as follows: Ends, Round and Beadell; next to ends, James and Hemstreet; guards, Hagerty and Taylor; snap back, Long; half backs, Bush and Marsh; full back, Leitner.

After the game, the teams took dinner together in the college dining-room, and at three o'clock, the visitors left for home. The game was a fine one, and full of interest for the spectators. The Kendalls were extremely unfortunate in losing three good players, whose places had to be taken by men who had had very little practice. The defeat is all the more regretted, because no one can doubt that the Kendall team is by far the stronger one, and but for this unfortunate series of accidents would have won a signal victory. This game probably ends the football season. The students have spent a great deal of money, and the team has been so un-

fortunate, that most are inclined to wait until next year, when it is hoped we will meet with better luck.

The meeting of the Literary Society last Friday evening was well attended. An essay on "Valentine Vianconi," the unfortunate wife of Louis, Duke of Orleans, whose assassination in 1407, was the beginning of the long feud between the Orleansists and Burgundians, was delivered by Mr. Van Allen, '89. A debate followed on the question: "whether emulation is to be encouraged in education," between Messrs. James, '89, and Whilden, '92, on the affirmative, and Messrs. Thompson, '89, and Mattox, '92, on the negative. Both sides argued with spirit, but the negative side evidently had the strongest arguments, so the judges decided. A dialogue followed between Messrs. Zorn, '90, Himrod, '91, and the exercises concluded with a declamation of "Casabianca," by Mr. Leitner, '90. This is the last literary meeting of this term, as under the provisions of the constitution, no meeting can take place in the two weeks preceding examinations.

A meeting of the students was held in the Lyceum last Tuesday, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Goldberg, '88, Van Allen, '89, Bush, '90, Beadell, '91, and Taylor, '92, was appointed to devise some fitting manner of observing the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, which occurs on December 10th. It has been decided to give a literary and social entertainment, and invitations to that effect have been issued by the committee to graduates and others living in the city. An invitation signed by every student at the college has been sent to Dr. Gallaudet. At the entertainment, several persons who were personally acquainted with Rev. Mr. Gallaudet will speak, and one of his poems will be rendered in signs by one of the young ladies of the introductory class. It is hoped to make the occasion a very pleasant one, and worthy of the man it is designed to honor.

MINOR MENTION.

The Lit. business meeting on Saturday morning was but sparsely attended, as most of the members were out watching the football game. Nothing but routine business was transacted.

We are having very peculiar weather for December. Saturday was so warm that ladies were obliged to have recourse to parasols, and the football players were covered with perspiration from head to foot. The fields around the College are sprinkled with dan delions.

The tower clock has gone on a strike, and therefore strikes no more. The hands on one face point idly to ten minutes to two, while the hands on the other point to ten minutes after the hour. A good deal of confusion is the result, as a number of the students have been accustomed to govern themselves by this ancient timepiece. A skilled clock repairer in New York has been sent for to put it in order.

The question is being asked in some quarters, "What are we going to do during the Christmas holidays?" For time out of mind of the oldest student here, some dramatic entertainment has been given, and it is not well to let old customs lapse. What are we going to do about it?

During the next week, the two members of the Senior Class will alternately lead the dumb bell drill. The election will probably occur next Friday afternoon.

One of our professors, who is very much interested in the new universal language Volapuk, recently applied to one of the leaders of the movement for its adoption in America, for some single term equivalent to the phrase "Schools for the Deaf, Blind and Idiotic." The reply was made that there was no central idea around which the various things implied in the phrase could be grouped. The nearest approach to a central idea was "defective," but that was not entirely satisfactory for us. We will feel an everlasting gratitude to any genius, be he Volapukist, or plain, every-day Englishman, who will invent some phrase, short, pointed and respectful, which can be applied to our young lady students, and save us the necessity of resorting to that lumbering expression "the young ladies of the introductory class."

Last Tuesday, a game of football was played between the second eleven and the Duptons, of Washington, in which the former eleven very easily came off victorious, by a score of 14 to 0. A return game was arranged to take place on Thursday, but more than half of the visitors' team failed to appear, and the game was given up.

We are on the home stretch for Christmas at last. Examinations are only two weeks off, and reviewing has been begun already.

Several of the students, finding that they have considerable leisure time in the afternoon, have undertaken to deliver evening papers on city routes, and find the occupation both pleasant and profitable.

Dr. Gallaudet is expected here about the 20th of the month.

The Hartford *Courant* gives an account of a game of football played in Hartford last month, in which Dennison Gallaudet, son of our president, is commended for his good playing.

VAN.

Dec. 5, 1887.

Bridgeport, Ct.

Bridgeport is a fine city for its beautiful scenery and seaside parks. It has about twenty-five deaf-mute people. Most of them are married couples. The mutes have a Bible

Class every Sunday and are getting along nicely with their society.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of President Grover Cleveland, honored Bridgeport as a welcome at Dr. Warner Brother's Seaside Institute for working girls. She is a fine looking lady, and a warm friend of working girls.

On Thanksgiving day, Mrs. Seaman and her friends enjoyed a big turkey dinner, weighing ten pounds, which expert boatman, Mortimer Seaman, won at a raffle. He can talk, and is quick to understand by lip reading the remarks of his hearing friends.

About six mutes spent a very pleasant Thanksgiving eve at Mr. Abe Marshall's residence. He is a generous gentleman and knows how to treat his friends well.

Bertie Marshall and George Odell, of Portchester, N. Y., went to Hartford Thanksgiving afternoon to take part in the party at their *Alma Mater*, and they agreed on a place to spend the day together by going to visit Westfield State Prison.

Yours truly,
BRIDGEPORTER.

The Masquerade Ball of the Gallaudet Club.

The Committee having in charge the arrangements for the ball at Adelphi Hall on December 14th, take occasion to call the attention of all who expect to attend to the information here detailed.

Adelphi Hall is at the Northwest corner of 52d Street and Seventh Avenue and can be reached by the Sixth Avenue "L" from either of the stations at 50th Street and Sixth Avenue or 53d Street and Eighth Avenue, and thence to Hall; by Third Avenue "L" from the 53d Street Station, and by the street cars on the Third, Sixth, and Seventh Avenues to 52d Street and thence east or west as the case may be. Parties from Brooklyn will find the Third Avenue "L" most convenient to the Bridge; those from Jersey City, Newark, and Staten Island should take the Sixth Avenue "L" to 50th Street or 53d Street as mentioned above.

Supper will be furnished in the building at very reasonable rates to all who desire it. Dressing Rooms have been provided for ladies and gentlemen.

Particular attention is called to the rule requiring all persons to appear in dresses appropriate to their sex. No males will be permitted to appear in female costume, and it is expected that no lady will assume male attire. To the lady who is adjudged by a Committee selected for that purpose, to have the most handsome and original costume, an appropriate prize will be given.

No pulling, roughness, or disarranging of the costumes of others will be tolerated. While it is earnestly hoped that the Committee will have no occasion to resort to summary measures, to cause any person before entering, or within the building during the continuance of the ball to unmask, if, in their opinion, there is cause therefore any person committing any immodest or illegal act, or causing any disorder, will be at once turned over to the police authorities. It is, of course, believed that there will be no occasion for any such action, the balls of the Gallaudet Club being as noted for their good order as well as for their real excellence, and the announcements above are made merely to show that every thing has been done to make the affair agreeable, enjoyable, select and orderly.

Regular tickets of admission, extra lady tickets and special children's tickets, can be had at the Box Office near the door, on the evening of the Ball.

THE COMMITTEE.

A CHRISTMAS TREE GATHERING

(Under the auspices of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes)

WILL BE HELD IN

TUTTLE HALL,

189 Grand St. Brooklyn,

ON

DECEMBER 29, 1887.

A present will be given to all ticket holders.

All ticket holders admitted by paying ten cents at the door, and showing their tickets.

A three dollar PLUSH ALBUM will be given away. Every chance, ten cents.

About one hundred different and useful presents will be put on the tree.

All ticket holders who fail to be present, will lose their presents.

An auction will be had when presents are not claimed.

Any person—member or non-member—can put a present on the tree for a friend if so desired, but such present must be shown to the Committee to see if it is decent and proper.

After the distribution of presents, a family social will be held, and the hall kept open until twelve o'clock.

A Ladies' Room with carpet and all improve ments will be at their disposal.

A room for smokers will be engaged.

All persons not holding a ticket, will be admitted by paying ten cents, but will not be entitled to a present, unless a friend puts one on the tree for such person.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes has spent upwards of twenty five dollars to make this affair a social one, and not a SPECULATIVE or FINANCIAL affair.

The ignorant, the wise, the poor, the rich, the Catholic, the Jew, the Protestant, the Democrat, the Republican, the Labor and the Prohibitionist, will receive a present.

The Committee will not tell what present you will get. The number of your ticket will tell you, so take good care of your ticket when you get it, and do not forget to bring it on December 29th and claim your present.

Candies, cakes and fruits, will be rejected, as they will soil the carpet on the floor of the hall.

Gentlemen will use the spittoons or leave the room if detected spitting on the carpet.

W. A. BORD, Chairman,
H. BRESNELL,
C. SCHNEIDER,
Committee.

A BARTENDER'S MISTAKE.

A man who achieved considerable fame in the vicinity of Wall street as a concoctor of mixed drinks was transferred to the Hoffman house not long since and put behind the gorgeous bar. It was the ambition of his life to get there, and he was so elated at his success that he was more or less nervous and perturbed on his first arrival. It chanced that he had just put his apron on when a distinguished party of politicians strolled in, talking confidentially about the recent appointments. In the party were several famous men, and as the bartender glanced around from face to face he was more or less impressed. Commissioner Hess, who was in the party, waved his hand and said shortly, "See what the gentleman will take," and then went on with his conversation with the men who stood next to him.

The bartender asked several men in rapid succession, and they indicated their preferences in the usual court manner. Finally, he leaned over the bar toward a man with white hair and a black mustache, who stood talking earnestly. For a long while he could not catch the man's ear. It was Edward S. Stokes, the proprietor of the Hoffman house. The bartender spoke to him a second time, and finally raising his voice, said respectfully: "What will you have, Col. Fisk?"

Stokes whirled around as if he had been shot and a dead silence fell on the group, while the bartender flushed and caught his breath. He had been thinking of the Fisk-Stokes assassination, and it ran in his head so that he got the two names mixed. For an instant Stokes did not speak, then he turned abruptly and walked out of the barroom, while the others pretended to continue their conversation, but all the while following with their eyes the retreating form of Stokes. An instant later the superintendent rushed excitedly into the place, glanced for a moment hurriedly around, went behind the bar, stepped to the new bartender, and two men hastily disappeared. Another bartender stepped forward and a moment later Stokes returned to the group, smoking and as calm and serene as ever. But that bartender never put foot in the Hoffman house again.

The proper bartender of to-day approaches as nearly to machine like accuracy and has little time for conversation. The less obtrusive the bartender, the nearer he approaches perfection.—*Blakely Hall's Letter.*

Danger of Anger.

The Emperor Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a Senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from the Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel, and suddenly fell lifeless from the ground.

"I have seen," said Tourtelio, a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions, at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days, from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." The celebrated John Hunter fell a sudden victim to a paroxysm of this passion. Mr. Hunter, as a familiar to medical readers, was a man of extraordinary genius, but the subject of violent anger, which, from the defect of early moral culture, he had not learned to control. Suffering during his latter years, under a complaint of the heart, his existence was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper; and he had been heard to remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him." Engaged one day in an unpleasant altercation

NEW YORK

"Superstitions."

THE MASQUERADE.

What You May Expect.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

On Thursday last, a high-toned audience of deaf-mutes assembled in the Sunday school-room of St. Ann's Church, to witness a lecture by Prof. Enoch Henry Carrier, of the New York Institution, on the subject "Superstitions."

The lecturer illustrated many absurd beliefs that permeate society concerning ghosts, omens, dreams, etc., many of which were laughable from their ludicrousness, and all of which were interesting both from the style of delivery and the instruction they conveyed.

He showed, by inferential proof, that trifling occurrences, from their happening alone, could have no influence upon ulterior events. The dire occurrences said to be consequent upon breaking a mirror, for instance, might occur once or even more than once; but it would merely be a coincidence and not a result. He ridiculed the foolish notions entertained by many that cutting the finger nails on certain days had a good or bad effect; looking at the new moon over the right or left shoulder; beginning a piece of work on Friday; eating at a table at which thirteen people were seated, etc., etc., all were insignificant, and could have neither a good nor a bad effect upon the future.

His lecture occupied nearly two hours, and was attentively followed by all present.

Although Professor Carrier is head teacher of articulation at the New York Institution, and is considered one of the best instructors by that method that our deaf-mute schools can produce, he is also a perfect master of the sign-language, and expresses himself in clear, graceful and effective gestures.

Mr. John Carlin, the venerable New York artist, presided on the occasion, and at the close of the lecture made a few interesting and cogent remarks concerning the subject treated of by the lecturer.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," is a saying familiar to almost every reader of the JOURNAL, and in the coming masquerade of that high-toned social organization known as the Gallaudet Club, there is every reason to believe the dim shadow of the enjoyment of the occasion in the minds of the mutes of the great metropolis will be greatly exaggerated on the evening in question.

Not for a long time has such interest been manifested in any public entertainment as has been shown in this by the fun-loving and even sober-minded members of the silent community hereabouts during the past fortnight. When the lights have been turned on, and the programme opened, the sight presented to the onlooker will be dazzling in the extreme.

That the expectations of the committee in charge will be met to their full extent is not to be doubted, and that memory of the founder of the first institution for the deaf in this country will receive all honor, will be shown by the many happy faces present.

There will be no end of youth and beauty, wit and humor, seasoned by the presence of distinguished persons in both the hearing and silent world. The fun will not commence with the first part of the programme, nor with the second, but will be on the "go" as long as there are people present to make it. Prof. Lyster is not a stranger hereabouts, his musical selections having been heard more than once.

Adelphi Hall, under the management of Mr. J. Sanse, is an entirely renovated ball-room, patronized by the *creme de la creme* of the ball-going public, and the efforts of the committee under the chairmanship of Mr. T. F. Fox have been such that there is not an iota of anything left to find fault with.

Sober-minded people will not be shocked if they attend. Timid folks need not fear for the safety of their moral feelings. The company will be composed of ladies and gentlemen, each and all of whom have as high a regard for their personal dress and conduct as the most fastidious person could wish. The best order will prevail, and the occasion being intended to help complete the contributions of the Empire State towards the monument to be erected in honor of the man after whom the club is named, should be an extra inducement for a generous purchase of tickets, even if you expect to attend or not.

To parties desiring fancy and well combined costumes at normal prices, we would refer them to P. B. Hartford, 294 Bowery, near Houston Street, who has on hand a very large and excellent stock of fancy and historical costumes for both ladies and gentlemen, and can fit you with any character you may desire.

We take the liberty, with no offense to the committee, to suggest a few points that may be of benefit to those who go en masque.

1. The committee will want to know everybody who enters the hall. On entering you can wear your mask, and remove same to let the committee see who you are, then replace it until you have gained the floor. In this way, no body else will be able to detect you.

2. At a masquerade, it is often the case a costume has an appendage, that if removed, would spoil the effect. Real fun is appreciated, but horse play should be strictly refrained from.

3. Be weary of the young lady you chose as partner. Looks and dresses are often deceptful, which "she" or "he" may find out to their cost after masks are removed.

4. Don't settle down to too much fun too early in the evening, as later on you will find more fun that will need your help. We can guarantee all who attend an evening of enjoyment they have not met with in a long time, and if you have not decided to go, we would say change your mind, for the more the merrier.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Connecticut.

Cooley's Weekly says: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lamb passed the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage last July, but they did not celebrate the golden wedding. Mrs. Lamb is the oldest pupil in the Gallaudet College, at Hartford, Conn., and it is expected she will attend the Centennial Jubilee, by the Boston mutes, at Faneuil Hall, December 8th, 9th and 10th. There will be from 500 to 1000 mutes present. Mrs. Lamb, who is ninety-one years old, is a reader of Cooley's Weekly. I should think the Gallaudet College or Academy would be a more appropriate asylum.

George W. Lamb, of Norwich Falls, aged seventy-four years, walked with me to Baltic, Conn., a distance of fifteen miles, on the 5th of November, to see the Burnt Baltic Mills. The mill is about 1000 feet long, of solid stone. Over 3000 people left Baltic, but about 60 families still reside there. The male residents do not appear to care for work, as a land owner made an unsuccessful attempt the other day in the village to hire a man to chop wood.

All mutes should know what the Jubilee notes said: "It is expected that Mrs. Maria Lamb, nee Bailey, of Norwich, Ct., ninety years old, and her sister, Mrs. Harriet Derby, of Mystic River, Conn., aged eighty-eight, being the oldest pupils of the American Asylum in 1817, will be present." Mrs. Lamb said that she declined to go to Boston. She would rather go to Hartford. Mrs. Harriet Derby will not go.

Hugh Miner is an iron-clad muscle farmer, of over twenty-seven years standing. He is a well-off bachelor.

Henry H. Fitch is doing well at farming in Preston, Conn.

I wish all mutes much joy at the Boston Jubilee.

Wm. Blish and his ladylike wife live happily together in their elegant mansion on the top of a hill, which commands a distant view of the fresh, airy country. They have two sons, who can hear and speak.

Mr. Shortman boards at Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Foster's at South Coventry, where he works in the Barber's mill. His sister Pauline boards at her brother's. They expect their parents to come from the far west to South Coventry, where they will live.

Fred Walker and Henry H. Fitch may go to Boston to attend the jubilee.

Fred Walker was elected second Director of the stockholders of the steamer "Ella" by 525 votes.

We enjoyed ourselves very much by having a hearty Thanksgiving feast.

We have seven boys, aged two and half to fourteen years old, and have double twin boys. The latest twins are very hearty and healthy.

Cooley's Weekly of the 17th of September said:

"Mrs. George W. Lamb, of Lafayette Street, Norwich Falls, who is ninety-one years old, walked down town the other day, to see a friend on School Street, and after resting a while, went down Main Street shopping, and in the evening walked home. It would make a big day's work for many of our youthful citizens."

Prof. Weeks, teacher of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, with his wife, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lamb, at Norwich Falls, and he preached the gospel to the mutes at Park Church on the 11th of September.

Samuel McCarthy, a semi-mute, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to study articulation at the School there.

Mrs. Geo. W. Lamb, Jr., teacher of the Mute's Bible Class at Park Church, returned from a visit to Hartford and Waterbury last September.

H. V. Edmond and family live in Vermont now.

Many mutes from out of town came to Norwich, to attend the firemen's parade last October.

Wm. Blish, of Willimantic, and myself, enjoyed a meeting with Mr. Bartlett, of Killingly, and his newly-made wife (only deaf) and (aunt of H. H. Fitch), while attending the firemen's parade. He is lucky to possess such an estimable wife. His shoe business is very brisk.

Mr. Bartlett's brother, who lives in Norwich, is a grocer and Alderman. Lyle's Beach (formerly owned by James Walker & Co.), father of Fred. Walker, was sold to Norwich rum-sellers at auction last September.

The Willimantic Chronicle of the 9th of November, said:—On Saturday before Justice A. J. Bowen was heard the suite of Pease & Edwards against Mrs. Merial Allen, wife of Asa Allen, shoemaker of Willimantic, for the recovery of merchandise sold her some time ago. The leading question was whether she bought the goods on her personal credit or on the credit of her husband. She claimed the latter, and refused to pay the bill. The case was adjourned until Wednesday to obtain further evidence.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Clark, of Mystic River, had an addition to their family in the shape of a girl baby last Fall. Mrs. Johnson, nee Guinn, of Hartford, nursed Mrs. Clark. They have six children.

Mrs. Jared A. Ayres, of Mystic, enjoys living in her elegant mansion. She sells flowers and vegetables for a living.

John A. Hammell, of Danielsville, formerly of Lowell, Mass., was sentenced to the Brooklyn Jail for three months, for refusing to marrying a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavitt are now living in Jewett City. Mr. Gavitt works in Mr. Slater's Mills.

Last summer, many mutes visited Mystic, to enjoy the breezy sea air. Amos Coon, of Bozrahville, Conn., is a shoemaker. His business is very good. His wife and himself are very happy, although far away from the mutes.

The American Asylum sent ten mutes to Norwich, to exhibit before the public at the G. A. R.'s Hall. There was a big crowd to see them talk in the sign-language and speak orally. The public congratulated them on their success. They eclipsed the Whipple School for articulation, at Mystic, Conn. The Norwich Morning Bulletin published last a column about it.

M. Orlando Clark is a skillful boatman at Mystic. He enjoys ploughing through the briny sea every summer.

Norwich is a very dull city. It is probable that a rapid transit railroad will run through the Northern part of that town.

Mrs. Bridgeman, nee Miss Marshall, died last year at Greenville.

Many old and young mutes complained to me that they would not go to Boston to attend the Jubilee. They feel very sore because the mutes would not hold any kind of Jubilee, fair or convention, at Hartford. It is a fact that Mr. Gallaudet, minister and founder of the school at Hartford, Connecticut, has over thirty descendants there. I counted over one hundred mutes who preferred Hartford rather than Boston. I thought that a jubilee should be held at Hartford, the center of New England.

I will celebrate the anniversary of Rev. Gallaudet's birthday with a turkey feast at home with my family. I would not go to Boston, because I am very tired of hearing complaints from the mutes about the old habit of holding the jubilee or convention or fair in Boston, because it has always been a financial failure for years.

Mr. Seymonds, of New London, is paralyzed in the left arm, but can work well at his shoe business.

Mr. Comstock, an intelligent graduate of the Kendall College at Washington, D. C., works at the lock shop at Greenville, Conn.

Margaret Walsh, a well-off mute girl, is at her home all the time.

Mrs. J. B. Foster, of South Coventry, and Mrs. A. M. Norcross went to Mohegan Fair for the Indians at Montville. Mrs. Norcross' latest twin babies attracted much attention there.

Mrs. J. B. Foster, of South Coventry, Conn., is a skillful housekeeper. Mrs. Fuller lives with Mrs. Turner at South Coventry, Conn.

Mrs. Reynolds lives at the almshouse at Willimantic.

Lorin White, of Andover, Conn., a well-off Democratic farmer, has three hundred hens, sells butter, eggs, etc., at Hartford. His wife is a deaf-mute, and his two sons are deaf mutes also.

Some teachers and mute friends enjoy themselves at Mystic River every summer, at Mrs. Ayres', or Mr. Orlando Clark's.

Some strange deaf-mutes hailing from out of town, begged money from Norwich people, and peddled alphabet cards from five cents upward. They ought to work in a jail, for swindling and being lazy.

Asa Bridgeman died last year. His only son survives him. He was a hard-working man.

J. B. Foster's shoe business is in good condition at South Coventry, Conn. The customers assert that he is a fine shoemaker, and can make five dollars and upwards a day if he works in the city.

I would like to see the mutes be generous towards Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lamb in honor of their fifth wedding anniversary which occurred last July.

A. M. NORCROSS.

NORWICH, DEC. 3, 1887.

St. Paul, Minn.

Items are not so plentiful as a hen's teeth.

Mr. Charles Peacha, of Stillwater, made this city a splendid visit.

The Deaf-Mute Society of St. Paul is still living.

Mr. Geo. Dehler made a flying visit to Stillwater last week, and reported that the deaf-mutes are well. He is taking a holiday for a month, and will resume his work as a cigar-maker in January.

Joseph Sterling, who was here nearly four years, has left us for Cincinnati, Ohio, where he has a brother and sister. Deaf-mutes there will find him a quiet man, and he will tell about his experiences in Ireland. He was educated in Ireland, and made a bee-line for St. Paul about five years ago, and has spent much time on his journey to Montana. He knows all the ways and places he travelled.

The chief topic about which the mutes generally talk is Gallaudet, our great benefactor, who built us an education. It is hoped that the people in general will keep on working to increase the subscription.

We regret that Mr. J. F. Riley, and

wife have left us for Wisconsin this week. They will make their future home there, and Mr. Riley will open a shoemaking shop of his own. He was here about five or six years, and he was always spoken well of. His friends here miss him and his wife very much. They did excellent services for the Deaf-Mute Society.

Mr. Klagge, one of the gentlemanly mutes, is working in the Bohn Factory, in which two of his brothers are foremen, and he is a lucky person. The factory has grown rapidly in size since it was started, and is now the largest in this city.

On Thanksgiving Day, the deaf-mutes of St. Paul gave a party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Austin and conversation was enjoyed. Games were played and everybody was amused. A splendid supper was given, and fourteen were present. Misses Ashley and Frick, of Minneapolis, were with us, and shared our enjoyments. It was generally said that it was the best time we ever had in this city. Committee McCook did the best he could, and Mr. Geo. Dehler and Jas. Meade assisted him. The party said good bye at midnight, singing on their way home:

"'Tis sweet to think, when struggling,
The goal of life to win,
That just beyond the shore of time,
The better years begin."

James Meade, who was here since last October, has gone home to Belle Plain, Minn., and he has got to work a farm. He is a first class farmer.

Mr. James Austin had his house repaired and repainted lately, and its appearance is excellent.

IVES.

SALT LAKE CITY.

There is in the deaf-mute department of the University a young man of 22 years, who has learned addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and is now deep in the study of mental arithmetic; who has gone through a good sized reader, and is now in the middle of another, and all this in a single year! What school can beat this record of one who lost his hearing almost at the hour of his birth, and never lisped a syllable up to manhood, and knew nothing of written language before he entered school? The young man's father, a patriarchal looking old man, who has worked hard in order to educate his deaf-mute son, almost shed tears of joy at such rapid progress, and declared that his dumb son had learned much more in that brief space of time than his hearing brothers and sisters ever learned from their own teachers in the same time.

A deaf and dumb transient, clad in the regiments of a soldier, frightened several ladies half out of their wits the other evening, by the careless manner in which he flourished his arms. The fellow shot several times at the north-bound freight train, as it passed him, coming into the town; he was finally taken in by Commissioner J. B. Carrington, who lodged him for the night. Next morning our big-hearted, whole souled commissioner started him out with a subscription list headed by himself with one dollar; on the strength of this, the mute succeeded in raising enough money to take him out of town. The funny part of this business though, came in afterwards, when it was found that said commissioner charged the fellow one dollar and a half for bunking him over night.—Salt Lake Herald.

Nashua, N. H.

There was quite a large gathering of deaf-mutes at the residence of F. P. Blodgett on Thanksgiving day.

Frank Damon is a lucky old bachelor and won an eighteen pound turkey, which cost him only ten cents. We cannot believe that the forty pound turkey which Mr. Seaman was reported to have won on the 1st of last December is true, as we never heard of a turkey weighing so much.

Mrs. Varunum B. Wright went to Manchester last Wednesday to visit Mr. Volker's folks for two days. She stopped here with Mrs. Volker, on her way to South Farmington, Mass., where they expect to call on Mr. and Mrs. Porter and remain there a few weeks. She will attend the jubilee in Boston, if nothing happens, after which she will return home.

Albert Hargrave has made an engagement to be with us on the 17th of this month. He will deliver a lecture before the Nashua Deaf-Mute Society in the evening of the same day, at the Knight of Honor Room in Mechanic Building, No 66 Main Street. He will also conduct Sunday Services on the 18th. He resides in East Boston, Mass.

On Saturday of last month, Joseph Baker went to Manchester to see his sick sister, and returned home the next morning, when to his intense surprise he found a big parlor mirror for which he paid five cents on a ticket, which contained the lucky number at the French Catholic Fair held in the City Hall. The value of the mirror is ten dollars.

About seven deaf-mutes of this place will attend the Jubilee of Boston on the 10th inst.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

"Imperator," our Irwin, Pa., scribe, proposes, provided that he can obtain leave of absence, to make a "bee line" for Warsaw, Ind., to visit his brother before Christmas. He expects to be gone a couple of weeks, and hopes that he may regain his wonted health and vigor before returning.

We regret that Mr. J. F. Riley, and

Brooklyn.

There was a time when Brooklyn was looked down on by its neighbor, New York City, and styled "the bed room" by people who worked in New York. It was the popular impression that Brooklyn was a sleepy, slow-going town, where children could play on the streets, instead of in the back yards as in New York, where a man could sleep all day without fear of being disturbed by the roar of business, where a sort of "curfew bell" is still kept up (the City Hall bell still rings every night at nine o'clock), where elevated roads and theatres were unknown. It was said that the average New York business man rushed over after work, swallowed his supper, donned his dress suit, and hastened back to New York for the evening. He got back to his "bed room," say about 11 or 12 p.m., slept sound till the first peep-o'-dawn, and then hastily eating his breakfast, bought a New York paper and was in New York again soon. It was popularly supposed that the Brooklynites of our sex did all their shopping in New York, and when we were asked out to the theatre by Tom, Dick or Harry, we knew we were to go to one of the New York play-houses and made preparations accordingly.

But now, in the short space of three or four years, everything is changed. New York shopping tours are things of the past. Right here at our doors, we have magnificent dry goods stores, beside which the great emporiums of trade in New York find it hard to keep their footing. Instead of Brooklynites are coming shopping to Brooklyn.

The other day we were out doing a "little" shopping—for the edification of our sisters, we will state that the "little" shopping consisted of making holiday purchases which called for a "big" pile of shin-plasters—we never saw such magnificence as was exhibited in the immense show windows of the Brooklyn dry goods palaces.

Then too we have the elevated roads, not the unsightly structures of New York, but light and strong and open roads where ample light is allowed to flit through to the streets below. And what handsome theatres we now have, and Brooklyn has also taken unto herself the business of sending combinations out on the road, instead of having New York City send over the tail ends of plays.

But to come down to deaf-mutenedom. Why is it that the "Hub" is so far behind the times as to call a hearing gentleman to deliver the oration at the Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee. If the Jubilee is to demonstrate the advance made by deaf-mutes since the advent of the elder Gallaudet, it is only fitting and wise that deaf mutes conduct the main part of the exercises, especially the oration. We feel greatly delighted that the Principal of our *Alma Mater* is called on, and given the great honor, but we know that it should have been a deaf-mute, and there are lots who can deliver it—who should have been called on to deliver the oration. It is too late now to make changes, but "a woman must talk."

Great preparations are being made this way for the Gallaudet club ball. "Montague Tigg" never thinks of the dark horses being groomed in Brooklyn when he rummages his brains among the Lexington Avenue School and Fanwood belles for the one who will carry off the honors for the most tasteful costumes. We've got a lot of style over here, and taste too. So, look out.

Poor George Reynolds is again being knocked around by the reporters. He ought to chase this particular one around with a club. George is right; he can also tell a very good story when called on to do so, which makes him a hero with us all.

The report of "Montague Tigg" in last week's JOURNAL of St. Joseph's Union ball is unjust to us Brooklynites. He only mentions the names of his own friends, and mentions the names of some who were not there too. Besides, he says the union and their friends were "disagreeably disappointed" in not having a good time. He's wrong here. He looked in the wrong end of the reportorial telescope, as all say they had a right good time and those who left early would have gone anyhow, they had to devote the balance of the night to courting their Arabellas or Mary Janes. Besides, the union, we learn from Messrs. Donnelly and O'Neil, comes out financially ahead. "Montague Tigg" also forgets that the "toughs" who made the disturbance were a part of the New York contingent.

The Brooklyn Society's next lecture is on December 21st, when Mr. F. B. Thompson talks. We will be there! W. A. Bond, Henry Stengle and C. Schindler are a go-ahead committee as will be seen by the advertisement in last week's JOURNAL regarding the Christmas tree party. We look forward to a gay time, and wonder what our present will be. We hope Mr. Bond will not forget us when sending out numbered tickets.

Miss Annie E. Robbins, a teacher in the Henry Street Institute, conducts a private Sunday School in her house on Dean Street every Sunday afternoon for young ladies. She welcomes all deaf-mutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt are still enjoying life in Brooklyn, and they entertain largely. They were among the lively and handsome couples at the St. Joseph's Union ball.

NELLIE.

BROOKLYN, 12-4-87.

Mr. W. A. Bond is reported to be a very sick man, being afflicted with ha-fa-dozen different ailments, but notwithstanding that, he delivered his lecture on November 30th, before the Brooklyn Society, which was a great success.

COLUMBUS.

Round Table Election.

DON'T REPEAT THE MISTAKE

A Stray Remark.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The snow storm that set in last Saturday proved a picnic for the small boy, who improved the occasion to pelt every body of high or low degree, and to air his sled which was getting rusty from long disuse. He was however prohibited from using Fay Hill for coasting purposes, on account of the loose condition of the sod, but he managed to get a great deal of fun out of the other elevations on the Institution grounds for a few days until the snow melted, and at the same time spoiled the ice crop.

The entire corps of teachers has been divided up into three committees, the duties of which are to devise ways and means whereby to amuse and entertain the pupils on Christmas, New Year's Day, and the birthday of the "Father of our Country." The whole crowd is now supposed to be racking their brains for something new and startling, and if any thing turns up I will let you know.

The Round Table, at its last meeting, underwent the throes of an election of officers. The following is the result. President, Miss L. Kinney; Vice-President, Miss L. Atwood; Secretary, Miss Nettleton; Treasurer, Mr. C. C. Wentz; Musical Director, Miss B. Filler; Executive Committee Miss L. C. Yerkes and Mr. A. U. Downing.

Mr. James Sansom, late clerk in the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C., has been visiting in Cleveland for some time past. He came down here on Monday to be examined by the Civil Service Commission on Tuesday. He thinks he has passed, and he is liable to astonish the natives by breaking into one of the many departments in Washington any day, so they had better look out for him. He stopped with Mr. A. H. Schory, while here, and left for Cleveland on Thursday.

The Clonian Society was entertained yesterday evening by Mr. Ira Crandon, who recited a story from Shakespeare in a very entertaining manner.

Miss Nora Patterson, who has been employed as domestic at Prof. Atwood's, has left there and gone home. The Commercial Gazette, in noticing Dr. Jos. A. Seiss' book, "The Children of Silence," says:

Prof. Graham Bell recently suggested that a law be passed prohibiting deaf-mutes, who may have deaf relatives, from intermarriage. It is stated that from eighty to ninety per cent of the deaf marry the deaf. However, in cases where those who hear marry the deaf, divorce is a frequent result. Mr. Bell's suggestion will not be popular with the deaf, who, like most other people, prefer in the marriage laws a broad policy of non-interference.

The writer evidently, has some acquaintance with the deaf, or he would not be able to voice their sentiments on the subject so correctly.

For the benefit of bro.—"Free Lance," I will state that Superintendent Pratt is not prancing around looking for "Free Lance" to defend him, as he is abundantly able to take care of himself, and he does not care to reply to "persons who are afraid to sign their full names." As to the question he propounds, whether "Mr. Pratt's remarks are a full and sufficient answer to what the editor and the numerous correspondents have been saying," if "Free Lance" were to see the complimentary notices he gets from "our little paper family," he would think they were.

It is to be hoped that those having the arrangements for the unveiling of the Gallaudet Statue next summer will not repeat the mistake of the managers of the Boston Jubilee in hiring a hearing man to sing the praises of their benefactor, or voice their sentiments on the occasion. It will appear strange, indeed, if those who projected the enterprise, raised the funds and brought the whole thing to a successful termination, can not express their gratitude and explain the object of all their labors without the aid of outsiders. I, for one, am heartily sick of this everlasting dependence upon the hearing upon occasions where the deaf themselves are chiefly concerned. That was well enough twenty-five or fifty years ago, when the educated deaf were few and far between, but at this day it seems a ridiculous clinging to the past, which is not at all seemly or necessary. Not that any disrespect is intended to our hearing friends, but if a deaf person wishes to say "Thank you!" why hire a hearing person to say it for him, when he can as well say it himself. If he can not do justice to the occasion, why create the occasion? Until the deaf assert themselves, and show a little more independence, how can they expect or demand the respect and consideration that they consider their due?

Last summer, the Anderson's of Cincinnati invited the President of the United States to attend their picnic and sample Cincinnati beer with them, but he didn't come. Now I see the Gallaudet Club, not to be outdone by their Cincinnati brethren has extended an invitation to "the President and his Cabinet" to grace its ball with their presence. Has it never struck them that if the President were to accept all the invitations he gets to such little affairs he would have no time for any thing else; and if the "President and his Cabinet"

were to take them at their word and come in a body, their treasury would be bankrupt in no time, to pay the expenses of their coming, return and entertainment, as they would be in courtesy bound to defray them, otherwise the President's \$50,000 salary would melt away in less than three months. But I suppose they expect their invitations to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. Still, if they do not expect such invitations to be accepted, why extend them?

M.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 4, 1887.

MICHIGAN.

Brace up for Christmas.

We can now give thanks that Thanksgiving is over.

We regret to state that no circus clowns were cremated at the Barnum fire.

Look out for Barnum's big lion. Wait for it. It started west after the big fire.

The hangman of the Chicago anarchists is said to be in Michigan. He complains that he finds business in his "line" very dull in this state.

The story that three hundred pennies were found in the stomach of one of Barnum's elephants killed in the fire, shows why so many circuses burst up. Too much capital is sunk in elephants.

Wm. Dolan, formerly of Iowa, but now of Ovid, has an anarchist dog. At twelve o'clock last Thursday night, the dog set up a howl, which has continued ever since; and every scrap and particle of clothes-line about the premises has been carried off by the knowing animal.

Charles Popendick, of Homer, was the guest of C. R. Barnett while in Lansing. Owing to the shortness of his stay, he made no calls.

We are sorry to hear of Henry Germer's hard luck as indicated by the following found in last week's Flint Citizen: "Henry Germer, a deaf-mute, who was working on the Beach street pavement, on Wednesday, reached to pick up a block, just as a fellow workman struck to split it with a hatchet. Germer's hand was reached out unfortunately so as to receive the blow, which severed one finger completely and badly wounded another."

A deaf and dumb man, named Lang, was murderously assaulted, near Cheboygan, Mich., the other night. His body badly cut and bruised, particularly about the head, was discovered on the railroad track. Suspicion pointed to one Stevenson and Joe Baldwin, who were traced by the officers to an improper house. Stevenson was found in a beastly state of intoxication. Both men were arrested, and looked up to await examination. It is thought that these men robbed Lang after assaulting him, and then placed his body on the railroad track to conceal their crime. They had spent money freely at the house, where they were arrested. Lang is reported to have intimated that Stevenson made the attack upon him. Lang is very low, and his recovery is impossible.

Charles Foster, of Flint, aged seventy-two years, who was convicted of assault on an eleven-year-old deaf-mute girl, was, Tuesday of last week, sentenced to one year at Ionia.

There were seventy-five turkeys slaughtered and eaten at the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Flint, on Thanksgiving day, and it would be a difficult matter to find a happier group of young people than gathered around tables. There are at present two hundred and ninety-seven pupils and eighteen teachers in the Institution.

CONEOS.

Art Among The Mutes.

FANWOOD.

An Unexpected Freeze.

BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCIPAL.

Other Items.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

December 1st entered upon us with a chill and a freeze. All unconsciously hugged the steam-pipes and radiators, during the greater part of the day. The small boy reported the neighboring ponds in good condition for skating, and those who love the ice got their skates out and went and had a good time. Had Prof. Gamage known about it, he would have gone also, but unfortunately no one told him until the ice broke up, and he was utterly disgusted. Engineer Banks was up early and with his assistants ran around from room to room attending to the heaters which generally get out of order whenever there is a freeze. Extra blankets were placed on each bed, and extra precautions against taking cold made.

This was a good reminder that the holidays were almost at our door. Every opportunity is taken advantage of by the ladies (and maybe by the gentlemen) to go shopping. Huge packages and parcels are sent up to the Institution by express and messenger almost every day in the week to various names, who are striving to remember their sisters, their cousins and their aunts with tokens of affection on Christmas.

Instead of having the usual services in the chapel last Sunday, the birthday of Dr. Peet, which fell on that day was celebrated. The meeting was conducted by Walter B. Peet, who invited some of the more advanced pupils to make brief addresses, which they did in a fitting manner. They were Messrs. R. Tweed, F. M. Honck, R. H. Grant, W. McVee, G. McConnell, T. E. Carman, John H. Geary, Miss Ida Montgomery asked leave to say a few words. She begged to be excused for the audacity of her sex in addressing the assembly, and said in clear and graceful signs that Dr. Peet, for the first time in his life, did not take dinner with his family on his birthday, on account of the sickness of his daughter Bessie, who has scarlet fever at his home on St. Nicholas Avenue, and whose condition was critical. She hoped that all would pray for the only daughter of the Principal a speedy recovery. Since writing the above, she is much better.

The choir, consisting of Miss Ida Montgomery's pupils then signed in perfect harmony and precision the "Psalm of Life," the beauty of which left a profound impression on the minds of all.

Prof. Fox also gave a brief address. He referred to the present which the pupils and teachers had subscribed for, and which originated in the thoughtful mind of Miss May Martin. It was to be a cane, which was ordered to be made according to directions, and which was not finished in time to be presented to him on the occasion. It is said to be of unique make, and one that Dr. Peet will feel proud of. None of the officers were asked to contribute. Why?

Miss Lorigan is the name of a new day pupil. She is a semi-mute, and is learning the sign-language.

On the evening of November 30th, Mr. Intemann's new baby was christened by the pastor of the Lutheran Church, which Mr. and Mrs. Intemann attends. Henceforth she will sail through life under the euphonious cognomen of Caroline Huerethy Gesine Intemann.

Adeline Taylor Mann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester G. Mann, who live on Sylvan Place, was two years old on the 29th of November last. The occasion was made memorable and happy for the little one by a small party tendered by the proud parents. She was also the recipient of some nice presents, consisting of story books, toys, etc., and there is not a merrier child on the Heights.

James F. O'Neil, chairman of the late St. Joseph Union Ball, and his two lovely nieces were among our visitors last Thursday.

The boys have decided, upon permission from the Superintendent, to get up a pantomime entertainment some time this winter. It will take place in their sitting room, and the proceeds will go to the fund of the Silencia Baseball Club. They have not yet agreed upon a date.

Last Friday evening, the members of the Peet Literary Society were entertained with a story by Mr. Gibson McConnell. It was entitled "The World's Famous Generals."

Mrs. Cook received a visit from her cousin from St. Louis, Wednesday last, very much to her surprise.

Misses Fanny Goreth, and Isabella Van Varick, two of Fanwood's favorites while pupils, called on Friday. Miss Goreth had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penrose over in Jersey.

The Institution has employed a new dressmaker. Her name is Miss King.

Miss Freegan resigned her duties as night nurse last week. We have not yet learned her successor's name.

Robert Drummond, a blacksmith by trade, and a Scotchman from Dumfries, South of Scotland, called last Monday. He is boarding on West 41st Street.

Miss Katie Shute, and Henrietta Sonneborn, two young ladies, well known and general favorites in deaf-mute circles hereabouts, spent a short time here on Friday afternoon last, visiting their friends and inspecting the various institutions.

Solomon H. Winne has returned to school, but will board outside. Idleness at home was more irksome than the duties of attending school.

Next Saturday, the Hare and Hound Club of the Institution will have an exciting chase over hill and dale.

Those of us who expect to appear in costume at the masquerade ball of the Gallaudet Club on Wednesday next, are getting impatient. We know it is not safe to "count our chickens before they are hatched," but we feel that those from this quarter will represent an unparallelled degree of good taste and judgment. Also that the ball will be a respectable one and that the respectable portion of deaf-muteness will be there in full force.

Miss Lucy Sweet, of Beverly, Mass., is visiting in New York, and will remain until after the Gallaudet Ball. Accompanied by Miss Barrager, she made a tour of the different departments of the Institution on Tuesday last.

Mr. C. Q. Mann gave a "reading" from one of Dickens' celebrated stories, entitled "Pickwick Papers," before the Fanwood Literary Association, last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Mary E. Wall, a deaf and dumb old lady, and her daughter and grand daughter, of Rockville Center, L. I., called on the afternoon of Tuesday last.

ROMANISMS.

Jack Frost is among us now, and is doing all the mischief he can.

Christmas boxes and parcels are beginning to arrive.

Skating and tobogganing will soon be all the rage.

One of our High Class boys proposes to give a game dinner to his friends. The game being of his own hunting in the north woods.

Mr. Frank Mead, of Groversville, stopped to see D. G. Carpenter, Monday, and enjoyed his short visit exceedingly.

Eleven of the brick house boys, who have beards, have formed a club called the "Hirsute Club." They have agreed not to shave until Christmas. The object is to see which can raise the heaviest beard in the given time.

Belle Evans returned to school Friday, accompanied by her father, Hon. R. Evans. Belle enjoyed Thanksgiving very much at home.

Another new pupil arrived here Wednesday from Madison Co., aged fifteen.

Mrs. Fields, of Minneapolis, and her sister, Mrs. T. H. Jewell, made our school a call Tuesday afternoon.

Thanksgiving has disappeared, and we are preparing for a pleasant Christmas.

Addie Sheridan's father came to see her on Tuesday.

John Thomas enjoyed a visit in Utica, over Sunday.

May Weavers returned to school Wednesday. She was detained at home to assist her sister. Now we have 154 pupils.

Mr. Story conducted service in the chapel Sunday from Judges 15:20.

The first blizzard of the season came on Wednesday, and the night was very cold and sharp with a bright moon.

The storm doors and windows were put on Thursday, much later than last year.

ROME, N. Y.

A STATUE OF LEIF.

SON OF ERIC THE RED, THE FIRST MAN WHO CAME TO AMERICA.

Leif has a monument at last, and we are glad of it; for his memory has been sadly neglected. American boys usually begin their history with the statement thus expressed in the lines of good old Peter Parley:

Columbus was a sailor brave,
The first that crossed the Atlantic wave;
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
He came far o'er the ocean blue.

But as a matter of bedrock fact we now know that the Norsemen did discover America about five hundred years before. Disregarding all the earlier discoveries as reported, it is a well proven fact—and the Norwegians and Icelanders do well to be proud of it—that in the year 1000, Leif, the son of Eric the Red, explored our New England coast, and on his return gave a very fair account of it. It has been asserted and vehemently argued, that the report of this voyage of Leif, and of a alleged earlier voyage, were detailed in the manuscripts of the Icelanders; that Columbus found and read them in one of his voyages there, and that he is in no sense whatever entitled to the honor of demonstrating there was a continent to the west of Europe and east of Asia. Sir John Mandeville, however, had already demonstrated the probability of that fact in his celebrated address; but made one curious error in concluding that the globe is 31,000 miles around instead of 24,912. But leaving all that aside, it is a fact as well established as any fact in history that Leif Ericson—that is, Leif the son of Eric—did visit the New England coast in the year 1000, and that his brother followed several years later, exploring the coast of hundreds of miles, so that the fact of there being a "new world" was known to a certainly long before Columbus visited Iceland and learned the particulars.

But, as Professor Redpath well ob-

serves in his History of the United States: "An event must be judged by its consequences. From the discovery of America by the Norsemen nothing whatever resulted. The world was neither wiser or better. Among the Icelanders themselves the place and the very name of Vineland were forgotten. The curtain which had been lifted for a moment was stretched again from sky to sea, and the new world still lay hidden in the shadows."

To this an exception must be taken. The Scandinavian voyages were thoroughly reported and the reports carefully recorded; and some knowledge of them did spread to the reading men of Europe, and Columbus did gather from the Icelandic and Norse records enough to stimulate his inquiries on the subject. Therefore, Leif Ericson is justly entitled to a monument. It is a present to the city of Milwaukee from Mrs. J. T. Gilbert, and stands in Juneau park at the head of Martin street. Another statue of Leif is soon to be unveiled at Boston, and the figure of that at Milwaukee is a copy of that in Boston the replica by Miss Whitney, of Boston. It is of bronze, weighing 1,200 pounds. The granite pedestal on which the statue stands is eight feet square and weighs fourteen tons. The figure, as conceived by Miss Whitney, is strikingly bold and lifelike. Of course we do not know the features of a Norse sea king of 900 years ago, more or less, but we may well believe that Miss Whitney has designed him about as he ought to look to fill the fancy of an enthusiastic historian.

The undersigned, offers for sale to DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS, a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET,

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL, which the graduates of the New York Institution have so much at heart, WILL BE DIRECTLY BENEFITED

by the sale of this picture, as a portion of the small amount asked for each copy, will go directly into the Treasury of this fund. The picture measures 27x35 inches.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$1.25.

Send by Money Order or Postal Note to—

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal,

Station M, New York City.

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET

CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR.

December 10th,

1787 1887

FOUNDER
—OF THE—
American System
—OF—
EDUCATION OF THE DEAF.

The One-hundredth Birthday of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, L.L.D., the founder of the American System of Education of the Deaf, occurs on December 10, 1887. It deserves commemoration, and will be celebrated at many institutions and by many societies of the Deaf. The Officers, Pupils, Society members and others interested, will doubtless desire some souvenir of the occasion. For this purpose I have prepared an elegant Ribbon, an illustration of which is given. It bears an excellent portrait of Dr. Gallaudet and a suitable inscription. The portrait is an improvement on that in the "Retrospect" published by me, which was highly commended by Dr. Gallaudet's family.

I shall be pleased to receive your order to insure delivery in good time.

PRICE-LIST.

Single Badge, 50 for \$4.50; Additional, 9 " "

100 " 15.00; " " 8 " "

200 " 16.00; " " 8 " "

250 " 16.50; " " 7 1/2 " "

300 " 17.00; " " 7 " "

400 " 24.00; " " 6 " "

500 " 25.00; " " 5 " "

No charge for postage or express.

Address W. R. CULLINGWORTH,

Care Station B, 119 South Fourth Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL JUBILEE.

CIRCULAR

To the Deaf-Mutes of New England and their Friends.

This worthy project has become a fixed fact. The extraordinary occasion will take place in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., on Friday, December 9th, and Saturday, 10th, and in another hall on the following Sunday, 11th, 1887.

Faneuil Hall, in Dock Square, is world renowned as the Cradle of Liberty, which means the birth of the great republic of America. The hall is immense, with an upper gallery on three sides, and large enough to accommodate six hundred and fifty guests at tables. That building is one hundred and twenty-four years old, and belongs to the city of Boston. The aldermen kindly granted us the use of that famous hall.

The object and purpose of the Jubilee are to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the first school for the deaf, on the tenth of December, on the grandest possible scale ever known in New England, due him as our great benefactor and the founder of the American Asylum in 1817—the first institution of the kind in America—combined with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, for our deliverance from the everlasting bondage of darkness and heathenism; to witness the inauguration of Gallaudet Day in New England; and to enjoy different entertainments on these days—social, secular and religious.

The circular of last May was merely an experiment. The Jubilee Fund at present is not sufficient to warrant the proposed free admission, and therefore an admission fee is charged.

Don't miss the opportunity to honor the grand old hall with your presence, where our forefathers placed a and fought hard for the liberty we are enjoying now. A number of large and small portraits of famous persons of the past adorn the walls.

It is acknowledged on all sides that this will be the largest and most enjoyable assemblage of deaf-mutes ever seen in New England.

Those having contributed one dollar or more to the Jubilee Fund are entitled to tickets.

Admission, 50cts; Children, 25cts; Banquet (limited), 50cts.

OFFICERS.

The following persons have consented to serve the Jubilee.

President—JOHN T. TILLINGHAST, New Bedford, Mass.

1st Vice-President—JES. MINERVA FOLLETT, Woonsocket Hill, R. I.

2nd Vice-President—WILLIAM BAILEY, Beverly, Mass.

Secretary—EDWIN W. FRISBIE, Vermont, Mass.

Treasurer—HENRY M. FAIRMAN, No. 6 Avon Street, Hartford, Conn.

Entertainment Com.—WILLIAM K. CHASE, Winsted, Conn., Chairman.

For Maine—Hiram P. Hunt, Gray; Miss Almira E. Alden, Dixmont, and Miss Emma J. Proctor, New Hampshire.

For New Hampshire—Vernum B. Wright, Nashua; and Mrs. Martha A. Smith, New Boston.

For Vermont—John T. Keefe, Bellows Falls; Miss Julia E. Gilson, Hartland.

For Massachusetts—W. H. Krause, John Magee, Miss Bella Flagg, all of Boston; the Rev. Samuel Rowe, Methuen, and Mrs. Maria A. Livingston, Worcester.

For Rhode Island—John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket; Oscar Kinsman, Providence.

For Connecticut—Theodore I. Lounsbury, Wallingford; Miss Kate Miller, Thompsonville.

JUBILEE NOTES.

The proceeds, if any, from the Jubilee will be turned over to the Gallaudet Statue Fund in Washington City, which has been raised to over eight thousand dollars. The statue will be erected there next summer.

The officers of the Jubilee will wear white badges, the deaf members, blue badges, and the hearing members, pink.

Faneuil Hall, being city property, will be protected by several policemen on the premises. The best of order will be securely maintained.

It is expected that Mrs. Maria Lamb (nee Bailey), of Norwich, Conn., aged 90 years, and her sister Mrs. Harriet Derby, of Mystic River, Conn., aged 88, being the oldest pupils from the American Asylum, will be present at Faneuil Hall. They entered the Asylum in 1817, and hold up their age well.

The famous deaf and dumb and blind lady, Miss Laura Bridgman, of the South Boston Institute, will be at the hall with her old friend, Miss Almira Alden, of Maine, who has been totally blind for two years. It will be an interesting sight.

The oldest son of the illustrious Gallaudet, Thomas, will, as ever, be with us as an interpreter for the benefit of the hearing people. It is regretted that the youngest son, Edward, the President of the National Deaf-Mute College in Washington City, will not be at the hall, owing to his engagements elsewhere.

The silver picture and salver presented to the elder Gallaudet by the grateful deaf in 1850, costing three hundred dollars, will be on exhibition on the oration day.

The French Ambassador to the United States and Consul at Boston will be asked to be present at the hall to represent their country.

The oldest son of the illustrious Gallaudet, Thomas, will, as ever, be with us as an interpreter for the benefit of the hearing people. It is regretted that the youngest son, Edward, the President of the National Deaf-Mute College in Washington City, will not be at the hall, owing to his engagements elsewhere.

There are several elegant dining-rooms on Brattle street, a little distance from back of Faneuil Hall. Crawford House on the European plan, on the corner of Brattle and Court streets, is one of the most popular hotels in the city, and its restaurant is one of the finest in Boston, with electric light and prices moderate. It will accommodate parties at \$1.50 per day where two persons occupy one room. With them several days beforehand to secure lodgings.

Sherman House, on the European plan, in Court Square, near the City Hall, will furnish single rooms for 75 cents per day, and two persons for one room for 50 cents each.

The immense and elegant hotel nearest Faneuil Hall, on the American plan, in the Qui Qui House, on Brattle street, will accommodate parties for \$2.50 each.

Come all! Come all! Look up your friends and bring them.

Please show this circular to your deaf friends, etc.

PROGRAMME.

Faneuil Hall will be decorated inside by Lamplitt & Marble, decorators, Boston, with American flags, streamers and bunting, and also French flags in honor of our first teacher and Gallaudet's co-laborer, Laurent Clerc, from France, and also the French system of instruction for the deaf and dumb that we are using; large pictures of Gallaudet, Clerc, L'Epee, and Smead; and also a motto, about thirty by three feet, will be suspended across the hall with this inscription in large print:

1787—GALLAUDET—1887.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9.—GRAND SOCIAL REUNION, ALL DAY AND NIGHT.

The hall will be open at 9 A.M. At 2 P.M. Mayor O'Brien, of Boston, is expected to deliver an address of welcome to the city. At 3 P.M. Prof. George A. Simpson, of Hartford, the famous deaf-mute musician, will exhibit a great many wonderful tricks. They are worth seeing, indeed.

FRIDAY NIGHT—BRILLIANT LEVEE.

Grand promenade at 7:30 P.M. under the leadership of Wm. H. Green, of Worcester; dramatic tableaux at 8 P.M. under the management of Miss Bella Flagg, of Boston; banquet at 12 P.M. At and after midnight (Dec. 10), many different games, old and new, will be indulged in for prizes, fun and amusement.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10.—PUBLIC EXERCISES, GALLAUDET DAY, ORATION, ETC.

At 2 P.M. the meeting will be opened by prayer; a short address by President Tillinghast; singing by a congenial deaf choir by the name of Miss Lottie Wise, of the Beverly School, from Cambridgeport, Mass., as follows:

"Oh, praise God for the coming day, when the deaf shall hear and the dumb shall speak;
The blind and the leper and the lame leap for joy; The lamb and the lion shall lie down together;
The ox and the leopard shall feed straw, and a little child shall lead them."

The oration of the day will be delivered by Isaac Lewis Peet, L.L.D. A piece on "Gallaudet Day" will be sung in sign by Mrs. Minerva Follett, of Rhode Island, and other addresses by prominent deaf and hearing persons, and benediction. The hall will then be closed.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11.—RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

At 9:15 A.M. a Holy Communion Service will be conducted by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., of New York, in the sign-language, in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Cortes Street, and will be over soon after 10 o'clock.

Another hall will be announced in time for the religious services. At 10:30 A.M. some one will preside. In the afternoon the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., will officiate, and in the evening the Jubilee will be concluded with a thanksgiving meeting, in which several prominent persons will participate.

MASQUERADE BALL
BY THE
GALLAUDET CLUB,

AT ADELPHI HALL,
52d Street and Seventh Avenue,

(The Hall has been recently renovated at great expense.)
ON
Wednesday Evening, December 14, 1887.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 10 P.M.
Music by Luster.

Beautiful souvenirs will be distributed at supper.
A number of distinguished gentlemen, including the President and his Cabinet, the Governor of New York, and prominent municipal officers and instructors of the deaf have been invited, and are expected to be present.

Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, \$1.00
Extra Ladies' Ticket, 50 Cts
Children, under twelve, 50 Cts

Persons selling ten tickets will be entitled to a complimentary ticket

Committee:
THOMAS F. FOX, Chairman.
ARTHUR L. THOMAS, E. SOWEINE,
THEO. A. FROELICH, WILLIAM HUTTON.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, an alphabetical order of a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 138 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jurling, Pres.; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. De- zendorf, Secretary; J. A. Hargrave, Treasurer; Daniel Miniham, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and social life among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. De- zendorf, No. 1608 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco, California. Theodore Grady, Vice-President, Moses I. Aronson, Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy, Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck, Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 332 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Prescott, Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the School Building of St. Michael's Church, on West 32d Street, 9th Avenue, New York. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and visitors are cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to W. G. Fownall, Corresponding Secretary, 68 Hooper St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those introduced, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. Alfred Bierlein is President, and Mr. Chas. H. Thomas, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Regular meetings on the first and third Thursday of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those introduced, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. Alfred Bierlein is President, and Mr. Chas. H. Thomas, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building on the Duane Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. J. Fehle, Secretary, 1229 Milton St., or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine St.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the deaf-mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago men, effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, "Pas-Pas—step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is organized as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice-President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.